

Grandma's Wisdom or Grandmaisms. Xen 1st

When I was about six or seven, an aunt, mom and grandma were sitting at her kitchen table, engaged at their favorite pastime: smoking, drinking coffee and gossiping. I was captive there so mom could keep an eye on me and out of any trouble that would interrupt her visiting. More like it was so that she did not miss some juicy gossip tid-bit while distracted minding me for a few moments. Being an inquisitive, highly active kid, I seemed to get into mischief without trying. I swear it just happened to me, mom! She threatened to hogtie me to the table leg if I so much as moved off my chair. Anyway, I was bored out of my skin listening to three biddies yapping, laughing and having a good time....ugggh. When the topic turned towards men, husbands and sex naturally my interest perked up into all ears and rapt attention. The conversation mostly was between mom and aunt; grandma sat silently listening to them. She was old school and had reservations about talking of such matters at all in mixed company. However aunt and mom paid me no mind and went on reciting an oft mentioned Grandmaism that "*men are like campfires, if a woman does not tend to them they go out on her...*" That was her way around speaking directly about uncomfortable topics such as sex. Well, the two Dr. Ruth, sexual philosophy, wannabes argued that the way to his heart and lifetime loyalty in a marriage was feeding him well, keeping an orderly house, mothering his kids, blah, blah, blah. When the two finally were silent enough for grandma to get in a word edgewise she said, "yes, all of what you two quipped is important to a good, faithful marriage. The way to a man's heart through his stomach is also true. But what I meant by the campfire metaphor was, to keep the horse from getting out and going astray you must tend its needs covered under a blanket, closed and locked behind the barn door – ***every night!***" My aunt simply looked at her bug eyed, slack jawed and shocked. But the funniest part was watching my mom pass a mouthful of coffee through her nose while doing so. Grandma's wisdom strikes again..... One of the best pieces of advice she ever gave me, which I did not take, was "when choosing a wife, first be friends, and marry a girl who is a good conversationalist and cook; because, when matters below the girdle go stale, friendship, good cooking and conversation last a lifetime in a marriage." I was too young to understand what was a girdle and asked her about it. She avoided any more talk of the matter with her standard escape hatch: *you will understand when older.* Phooey! Why must I always be older to learn the good stuff? Grandma's wisdom served her well; for, she and grandpa were married a lifetime until death claimed them together to the promised land. Well, when choosing a wife, I followed a young man's passions not grandma's sage wisdom, and it did not last. Why is it always that the best advice lies on a path untaken?